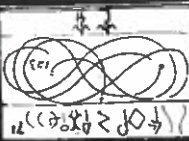


GRUMBLEBELLY

non-issue

#00005



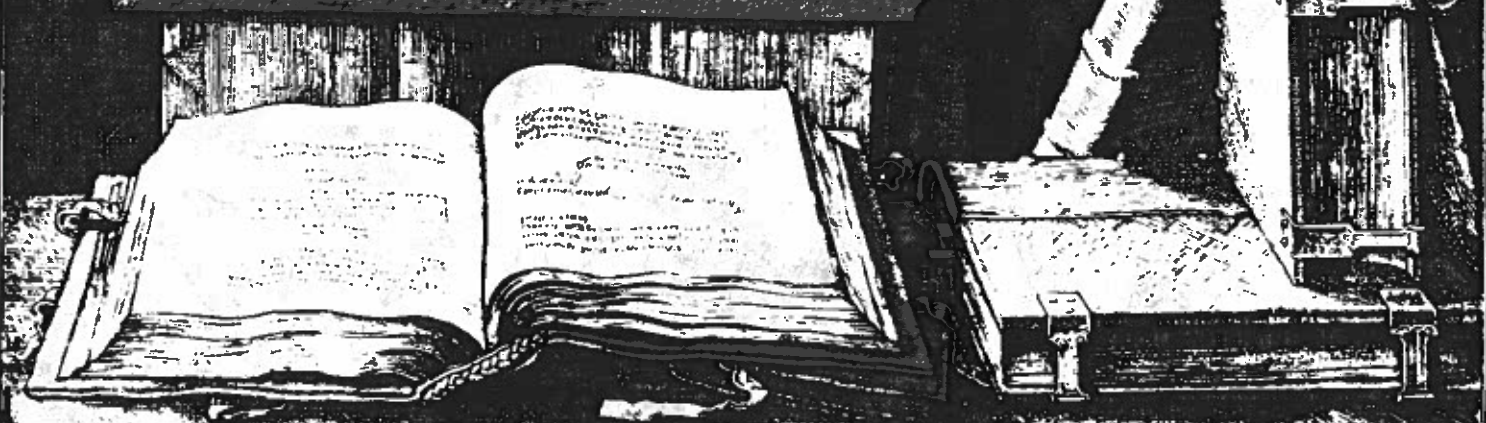


THE FOREBODING WARNING

Welcome weary traveler, to the first issue of Grumblebelly Zion. It has been a strange trip, indeed, but it has only yet begun. First off, I feel that I must defend, sadly enough, what I have managed to produce here. I realize that many of you find the title of this Zion stupid to say the least, but I really can't get caught up worrying what you think. I like the name. Secondly, I feel that I must warn you, there are many things in this Zion that you may not understand or that you may find pointlessly inane. If you find yourself reacting in this manner at any time while you read this Zion, by all means stop reading at once. I am functioning on many different levels all at once here, I would not want you stumbling over something not meant for you. This Zion may befuddle (that means "confuse," Byron) you but please don't give up. I know that there is something in this thing that is aimed and works at your level. The flack may come flying in right and left from every sect and cult of this supposed underground-but I have been sanctioned, commissioned, and paid handsomely by a virtual plethora of ancient unspeakable gods to produce what you know hold in your hands. If you have any questions, go find the answers yourself, don't come whining to me-I'll just blatantly lie to you anyway. Keep in mind, it was probably just a set-up anyway and none of this ever really happened. I gotta go.



GrumbleBelly Zion all rights ignored AD 1991.



Reverend John Xerxes Piche' - Discordian Profet in union with the Ur Reality Pirates/ co-conspirator + vocal propagandist for tha Sect of Ocl Phi/ exiled from the fabled city of Tanelorn/ keeper of the illuminated fallacy and all its glory/ the brooding profoundly morbid Shadow King of Chatoic Ruin/ protector of the moldy frightful Pnakotic Manuscripts/ manifest divine trepidation.

Resident Joe Franke - Instilled void and chaos/Life is a Joke cat.
Human Furnace - screeching and howling/Clown picture and back cover.
Jason Read - looking out at the world to see a Wonderbread Church/cover execution.

Once and for all : ma family who I've neglected far too long; alex (emosity) acosta; aaron and lenny meilnick; peter russ; mr thomas brose; byron evans; Jay (plss off snotty) kuelber; James bulloch; Jason read; dan welr; Jenni o'konski; charlie garriga; louis zegler Jr.; david font; harry richards; ms tracy debbin; ben davis; gerald francis; justine demetrick; anthony "chubbles woubles" pines; david nathanson; tony erba; spot; chris andrews; cia murmuring memories; tom mccarthy; warped records; susan tucker; dwid; tina; scott (zog) mastick; terry gross; frank noinec; Joe franke; the reverend john patrick guscott; monica gothic; frank ruffa; mimi kersting; kurt vaigi; lance hann; outface; integrity; face value; them kids in speakeasy; all them fuckin punk kids I ahng out with at c.s.u.; all cleveland zines old and new; Almightye Erls, my goddess, protector, and divine inspiration; and finally anyone else who thinks that I like them, has some legitmate reason, or knows too much not to be trusted...

INDITMENTS, WARRENTS,
SUBPOEANS CARE OF
REVERAND JOHN XERXES PICHE'
2622 PRINCETON ROAD
CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

4 4 1 1 8

I am looking for the following artifacts. Please get in touch with me if you have any of these and are willing to negotiate selling, trading, or giving any of these items to me. Thank you.

Bob Black Memorabilia; Faust comic books; Helmet's 7" inch; Dangermouse (tv show) toys-videos-any related stuff; Fidelity Jones' demo; A Short Circuit at the Electric Circus 10"; Kenneth Anger, R. Meyers, H.G. Lewis books-movies-related items; Bill Moyer's autograph-a dinner invitation-writings; Young Ones episodes-books-associated shit; William S. Burroughs, Al Crowley, or Lovecraft books-pictures-related artifacts; Madonna posters-teeshirts-pictures; Vaughan Bode' stuff; Pogo comics old and new; Joy Division posters-pictures-books-newsreels; the two Bauhaus videos; any interesting underground/subversive/independent/ conspiracy related thought-tracts-books-information-rants-etc.

GRUMBLEBELLY ZION is made possible in part from a grant from Love Bunni Press, an ultra-sub-division of Complete Conformity Productions. Also, a grant from Satanic PentaGoat, the top manufacturer of the full fine line of Hell Bent for Lucy children's torture toys and implements. And contributions from readers like YOU, without whose support all this would be even more self-indulgent than it really is.

PLAYLIST : what you will find me listening to most of the time

James Brown/ Helmet/ Laughing Hyenas/ Joy Division/ Rev. Al Sharpton's Quintet/ Born Against/ Big Chief/ Double Exposure/ Steel Pole Bathtub/ Primus/ Fidelity Jones/ Swiz/ Bowel/ Melvins/ Killing Time/ The Police/ Duke Ellington/ Slayer/ Fresh Air/ Outface/ Jesus Lizard/ Integrity/ Black Sabbath.

I had a vision.

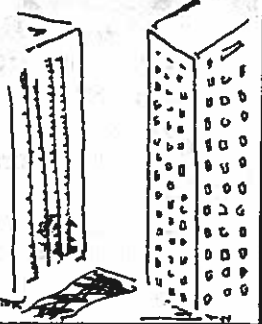


SIT DOWN
AND RELAX
WITH
A COLD ONE.



Life is a Joke

PROVE YOU DON'T
NEED DRUGS,
TRY TO FLY.



WAS DEPRESSED
DRANK A LOT AND PASSED OUT
IT WAS FATHER'S DAY
PAID HOMAGE TO DAD.

The burning.

THINGS TO AVOID DOING:

GIVING YOUR ADDRESS
TO AXE MURDERERS.

VOMITING IN TRAFFIC COURT.

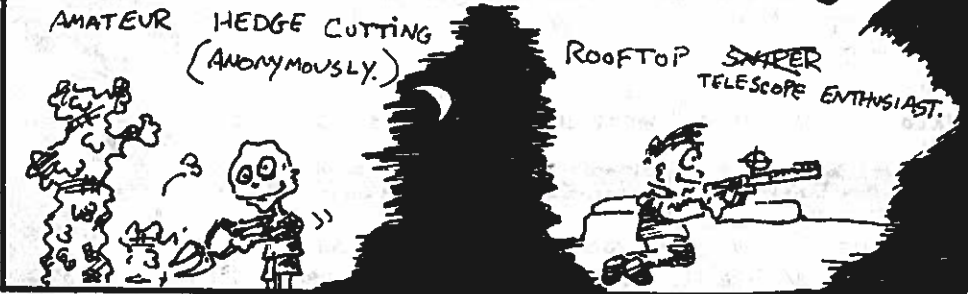


IN THE BIG SCHEME OF THINGS... IT'S ALL A BIG SCHEME.

FUN WITHOUT REPRECUSION!

AMATEUR HEDGE CUTTING
(ANONYMOUSLY.)

ROOFTOP SNIPER
TELESCOPE ENTHUSIAST.



YET ANOTHER
IN A SERIES
OF CELEBRITY
INTERPRETATIONS.
IN THIS ONE,
WE HAVE
WHAT TED
NUGENT WOULD
LOOK LIKE
HANGING FROM
A NOOSE
FOR SEVERAL DAYS.



BY GARRIE.

JOE RESIDENT
2288 HAWK
SIMI VALLEY CA
93065

SAW A VERY OLD RESTORED AUTOMOBILE
THE LICENSE PLATE SAID "HORSELESS CARRIAGE"
FOUR PEOPLE WERE PUSHING IT.





HATE
FEAR
BLISTER

THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY
ABOUT A CLOWN....

....AT MIDNIGHT

HUMAN
FURNACE
198

CONFOUNDED QUOTES & MISTAKEN TRUTH

"When you begin to look through the eyes of the paranoid, all things become suspect, everyone knows even more than you do, they're all out to get YOU, and you can't help but laughing at the bad inside joke."

- Brother Cease Herr Gonzales, Treasurer of Surveillance and Abduction Services, Octi Phi Oakland California Cabal.

"The quintessential complicated mystery revolves simply not around whether or not this or that exists but rather why anyone would actually pay ME money to deliver them a pizza." - Master of All The Perplexing Moronic Inquiries, Dr. Semdley S. Douchenburg, H.I.T. University.

"Have we lost our way? I know that I have. Somewhere on this quest through the cultural wasteland of Idealism we have stumbled off course. Although, I really do firmly believe that this slow methodical descent into boredom, tedium, and cynicism is simply a matter of natural progression. I also think that our problem lies in the fact that we really just should of taken a left at the last Taco Bell." - Ancient Octi Phi Proverb written on the entombment of the Wondrous Profet Sheecky J. Rotgut. Discovered and translated by the famous anthropologist Dr. M.E. Diggumup.

"Violence sanctioned and promoted by society is not a new phenomenon of this generation. It has been one of the nicer fringe benefits of tyranny and dictatorship for ages now." - Resident vagrant Mark Keedasaud, author of How To Make A Million With No Permanent Address.

"We worship at the Cerebral Shrine of Ignorance. We look into our voided selves and see that there is no credit slip for which we can prove our purchase." - Great Profit Dr. Orr A. GeanUnnown, Founder of the Shelter for Battered Apathists and Nihilists, Grenada Wisconsin.

"Microeconomics coupled with bloendangering can under the correct extraneous circumstances penetrate the very infrastructure of the whole erroneous foundation based upon which the subdivision of the summation of the Genetic Code first documented in Watkin's "The MarcoJelly Theory Principle," which briefly puts forth the notion that parts is parts is parts without the whole they still parts." - Lecturer tour de Farce Hanklin G. Rollinstien, speaking to a small group of Idiot savant pre-schoolers on March 3, 1977 about Playground Politics.

"Beware the man offering you the shirt off his back, he may just want you to see him half naked." - High Profit Jeckill Kegglogg, President of Alms For Hostages Covertly Incorporated.

A few good BOOKS

Since school has thumped itself into my meager existence I have had little time to do any sort of recreational reading, but before my entrance into the college life I was one hell of a mad reader. I spent one whole summer lounging on my front porch with the neighbor's cat sitting on my lap, reading various works of fiction. Enough of the sappy emotional garbage, what I have decided to do is steal an idea that my friend Cia originally did in her little masterpiece "Murmuring Memories," that is list some of my favorite books and a little about what qualifies them for this prestigious list. So here we go...

FRANKENSTEIN mary shelly. I, as well as just about everyone I know remembers watching the old glorious black and white Frankenstein movies on Saturday afternoons. I had little expectation about the quality of this book when I decided to try to read it. I had just read Dracula and Salem's Lot (both not all that worthwhile) and figured that I may as well kill off another one of the supposed classics of horror literature at the same time. This book blew me away! The prose style and story-telling are amazingly graceful and convey the whole miserable wretchedness of the tale. It is a beautiful story of twisted lives and egos getting caught up in obsession, deeds of vengeance, and ultimately self-destruction. A pitted frightful battle of wills which can only climax in the total annihilation of the souls of those involved. There is all that sugar-coating the underlying hideous rumor that knowledge, science, and/or progress just may put us all in deeper shit than we were before these innovations. "You seek for knowledge and wisdom, as I once did; and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine have been."

FIFTH BUSINESS robertson davies. If I had to pick a favorite book, this one would have to be it. I know how corny it is to say that a book has changed your life, but in this case it has. No other written work has affected me so deeply, the ideas expressed within these pages have so thoughtfully permeated my life that after reading this book I held a different outlook on this entire shithole. Davies portrays more profound truth in a single paragraph than most authors stuff in three hundred pages. The story is as complex as it is simple, it is basically the death note/autobiography of an english professor whose whole life pivots upon one toss of a snowball. Sounds inane, maybe, but it is

wondrous, and that doesn't even begin to touch the tip of the iceberg. I highly suggest that you pick up a copy of this book as soon as possible. It is more than a meditation. It is more than a philosophy. It is more than a work of mere fiction, it is a living vital instrument for inspiration and contemplation.

WAITING FOR GODOT samuel beckett. This absurdist play is brilliant from the first

word to the last. An abstruse expurgation into the inner-weavings of interpersonal politics. The sad, poignant, and at times humorous commentary on the state of human existence and the brutality, hope, and blaring ignorance we all possess in spite of how we wish to envision ourselves. A biting, caustic satire, if you wish, of the human socio-political existence. Great stuff.

DUNE frank hubert. This is a great novel. I really liked the first half and lot better than the second half, for I felt that the first half took great pains to set up incredibly detailed character development. Showing to us inner thoughts, illuminating personal agendas and setting the stage for a tremendous climax of double-dealings and back-stabbings. Then the second half, although still far superior to most novels in dealing with the established plot lines and possibilities, it was not as well scripted as the first half. I was, nonetheless, fully convinced by these characters and their outcomes. A masterwork of dramatic fiction.

MOONCHILD aleister crowley. Yes, by the man hisself. The beast. My good friend and mentor Rev John Xerxes Guscott lent me this book under the assumption that I could plod through it a month or so. I plowed a path through this loosely organized story in just over a month (a long time to read 301 pages). The prose style is terribly self-indulgent, wordy and stuffed with inside references and jokes. It takes many pages before anything really happens. At various points in the work I stood petrified, I could not even look at the damned thing for a week after reading one of the many theories that are stated in this novel. While reading over other parts of this I experienced grisly nightmares. It is a very uneven work over all, at points too highly intellectual and at others too straight-forward verging on triteness. There are a few places where a certain brilliant philosophy seems to emerge. Worth it, if only, for the tricks my mind played on me while reading this. Die hard fans or thrill seekers will chant the praises of Uncle Al. The mind is a terrible thing to ignore. Bring it on...

THE ELRIC SAGA michael moorcock. This is one of the finer fantasy sagas around. Although at points it seems to be repeating itself and possibly becoming redundant it

moves beyond. The true glue of these stories is the protagonist, Elric, one of the best leading characters in the genre. He is just brutal enough to keep things on the verge of madness. Brooding and cult like. Hail Arioch.



THE SIMPLE SHORT STORIES langston hughes. The best documentator of black life in the 30s, has a command for story and timing like few other short story writers I have read. Critical of the status quo and always questioning, not to mention simply superbly penned. Will make you re-evaluate and question, what more can you ask from literature? Check out his poetry too, because it is some of the finest in recent American literature. The man was a genius.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD h.p.lovecraft. I have read and highly recommend the various collections of short stories by this author. I have listed this particular novella due to its exceptional craftsmanship and the fact it is one of the best Lovecraft stories I have read. The story is simple enough, with half a wit you should figure out what is going on pretty quickly, so the fun laies in the story telling which is above even the Lovecraftian average. Lovecraft is in rare morbid form, setting up a totally dispairing protagonist and gleefully placing him in the senerios that will eventually bring about his decsent in into madness. From the frist word to the last, this story drips with a pugant atmosphere unreveled by any other novel I have ever read.

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA malaclypse the younger. The bible of lower consciousness and confusion. A different light shed on each person who dares open its cover. The truth through complete total encompassing chaos, make them believe that you know a little more than you actually do. There is way too much going on in this little book/zine for any one person to explain, you have to seek it out

yourself. For if you are open to the ridiculous wisdom contained it may change your life - then again it may not fnord. Regardless, you will laugh no matter if you get the joke or not, for a new sucker is born every couple minutes. All Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia. Fnordfnordfnordfnordfnord.



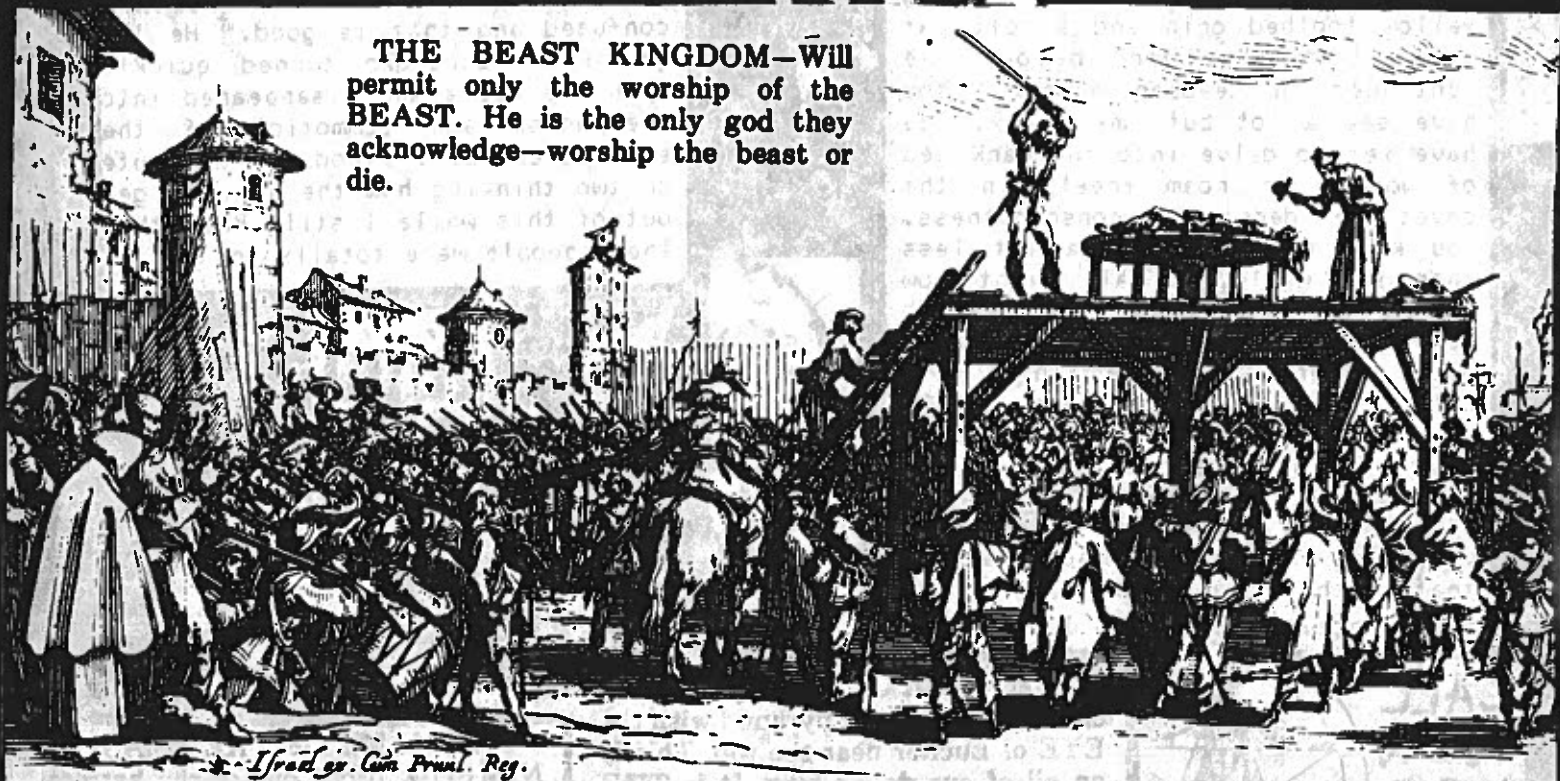
Turn now to the dialatic bible page five thousand and five fnord. "Emperor Norton if you will..." (a tall man dressed in the finest regalia that can be acquired at K-Mart, stands. Adjusts his rumpled suit coat and proceeds to unfold a tightly folded little wad of paper. He runs his rather large hand through a greasy mass of hair and clears his royal throat. Looks down at the paper unfolded and taps it down, then pats his breast in search of his reading spectacles. Swaying side to side he begins to read from the page in front of him) "My fellow Merovigians, we have gathered here today to consecrate one of our very own, someone so special that we had to give him three added sir-names and create fifty new titles just to accommodate his high stature." (pause for contemplation and/or apple sauce). "Ahem, lettuce please welcome into our hearts and home (pause) lettuce welcome to marry our first born woman chile (pause) lettuce please give another big round of apple sauce to the one the



Look Out for: The Mark of the Beast

only..." (suddenly shots ring out in the clear April sky and our saga should come to a screeching bloody halt, but the band played on, just as they seemed to do quite a lot back before calling it quits. I cowered in the corner sucking on a pipe dream fueled on the Devil's own weed, I figured the best thing to do was keep my head down and shut up. She, the terrible wretched assassin of our shared ignoance, cried out before being wrestled to the ground by the five tough Security Guards, "Soylant Green is people! Soyant Green is people!" Emperor Norton fell into the arms of the then Sneeker in the House and Drug Czar, William S. Bennett. Blood spurted out of Norton's cheap lapels as Billy softly whispered about how this would never have happened if there had been a strong traditional family unit, that's the problem with this country - breakdown of them

THE BEAST KINGDOM—Will permit only the worship of the BEAST. He is the only god they acknowledge—worship the beast or die.



—Israel gr. Cum Prual. Reg.

traditional values. Norton spit up some blood and perished in the clutches of an unsympathetic pious soapboxer. A freeze frame could have ended the saga beautifully but we instead were force fed a fade to a panoramic serene natural something or other broken only by the terrible soundtrack - rendered incredibly commercially by infamous folk star Joan Baez. Oh well, so it ends. Finally.)

The reel continued to spin as the film flickered around producing a loud clicking noise. The people got up all at once and began to file disorderly out the variously positioned five exit doors. It was at this point that a rather well-built ugly man with grey slicked back hair, a black pencil mustache, and a gold nose ring took me aside. He wrapped his powerful right arm around my shoulder and ducked us both into a small dark corner, people continued to amble out of the room totally ignoring the two huddled dark figures cowering in the corner. His eyes burning he began, "Kid, Dwight Goodall once told me never to trust someone who can't believe a good lie once and awhile. I'd really like to trust you, kid, know what I mean?" A big yellow toothed grin and a soft pat upon the shoulder before he continued in deadpan earnest, "You have see a lot but, my o' my, you have yet to delve into the dark sea of wonder or roam freely in the caves of deceitful consciousness. You know more now but a lot less than you would. It all right now pivots gracefully upon what you do next, or choose not to do - maybe both, never really certain - it's all way to far up in the air it call it either way. Look at it this way," he tilted his head to the side and back again. I followed his example and all of a sudden right before my very eyes the world seemed to assume that red hazy glow that is so common these daze. "Good, good. I can tell



by your expression that the murky afterglow of international politics has finally become a visual part of your reality." I tilted my head upright and shot him a biting questioning stare, "What the hell are you talking about? Afterglow of international politics? What did you slip in to my drink and when will it stop?" He chortled, decaying teeth fully exposed, "Silly lad, don't you know? International politics is simply global masturbation. All you are doing is turning your brain on to the vibe. What the hell do you think that cheezy 'Om' jive is all about? Harmonic convergence, my silly white ass. Nature reverberating? Wild Bill Hickcock's missing right eye! Has nothing to do with all that silly suburban hippie propaganda, all that was implanted by the CIA to throw a big Zen smoke screen over the whole wacky ridiculous truth. That being that Mother Nature and Mankind are simply trying to reach some sort of simultaneous cosmic climax. But they can't seem to do it, so Mankind sits locked up on the Earth playing with itself. Sad in a way I suppose, but Mother Nature is only trying to teach Mankind some control, possibly patience. But, I see that you are confused and that is good." He let go of my shoulder turned quickly upon his heels and disappeared into the noise and commotion of the exiting crowd. I stood for a minute or two thinking how the hell to get out of this while I still knew that these people were totally insane.

finio



**CALL NOW
1-900
DEE
GOAT**



THE MARK OF THE BEAST—It could be the satanic pyramid with the EYE of Lucifer near the top. This is on all of our dollar bills. It is THE ILLUMINATI EMBLEM. They seek to put the Antichrist on the throne of the world.

THE NAME OF THE BEAST IS NIMROD. Right out of the bottomless pit.

THE BEAST KINGDOM—IT WILL BE RED FASCISM.

ZINE · A · PHOBIA



Zine editors, I have come to realize through personal experience, do not get much feedback from their audience. If sold at shows zines can produce a somewhat euphoric giddiness, after all your actually selling someone something you have put great pains in producing. But there is usually little to no further contact with your audience, reading is slowly becoming a lost art anyway and so is writing in general, so zine editors rarely receive much input from anyone. At least this has been my personal experience. A few people will tell you what they think, but your basically on your own, so I have decided to list a few zines that have caught my eye in the last few months. I hope you can find it in your hearts to support them.

DEAR JESUS (vermiform pobox cooper station ny ny 10276) Sam McPheeters' epic zine documenting the slow methodical downfall of hardcore. Ranting political brilliance, obnoxiously intelligent, and too well-informed for any comfortable thoughtless zombie's good. Layout innovation and the brutal brooding graphic style dwelling on the loathsome rejection of this pitifully self-indulgent consumeristic farce. A strong force, injecting the yellowing stinking corpse of hardcore-dom with a spark of cynical idealism and a slight glimmer of hope (gasp). More of this might bring "it" back, sadly enough.

EXCESS (mitchell hall rm 523, 514 19th st nw, wdc, 20006) This zine came into it's own with the second issue, the third will be out by the time you read this. Get this shit. Blasphemy, scorn, and uneasiness all ooze out of David Nathanson's festering discontentment with this whole ball of slime we so happily embrace. Bluntly expressing a hatred for certain prevailing influences aligning themselves along side the ranks of hardcore idealism. An individual professing beliefs he is totally comfortable with, assured and creative, moreover commitment never faltering. All hail excess.

HOODWINK (200 se 15 rd #16-d miami, fl, 33129) One of the prime movers in my existence, when I talk to David or read his words in this zine, not only am I challenged but pushed into some sort of action, and in this apathetic slugfest of a culture every little prod helps. Progression is the key term here, kids. Each issue is a sincere document of where David's heads are at, at any given time. Reputable, honest, and thought-provoking. Lets just put it this way, I watched this zine grow from child to adult. And, dear plebes, to do that in a mere five issues is either a sign of hauntingly sincere re-evaluation, progression, and growth or

Ancient Tibetan mysticism. You playing with Satan, Dave?

LIFE IS A JOKE (2288 hawk simi valley, ca 93065) Not only do I think that this zine is hilarious, but I also agree with ninety percent of the one or two liners and little slogans stuffed into this monster. Topics deal openly with demonic caffeine possession and those little annoying aspects of life - like not being able to breathe fire (for a



free example turn to the "Life is a Joke" page donated by Joe, Himself, in this very issue). I find myself either laughing my balls off or nodding in grim agreement to this multi-media graphic production. One of the better minds in this business.

MURMURING MEMORIES (write only CIA on envelope 2505 jewett rd, garberville, ca 95440) Filled with true stories, personal analysis, and simply detailed ink graphics/doodles/pictures, Cia expresses an honesty usually only found in a really close friend. Unabashed and pulling absolutely no punches, she details her experiences with the world to the world. Exposing her emotional self wholly, it's got to take some sort of inspired internal strength. Not at all



concerned with the fragile protecting outer-shell, this zine documents one person's life - a lot more vital than another Sick of It All interview donchathink?

DEEP SIX SUPERSTITION (pobox 391 hampshire coll. amherst ma 01002) "I am sure your very voice changes-I have seen such changes. There are women's voices that sound poetic, unearthly echoes. Then they change. The eyes change. I believe that all these legends about people changing into animals at night were invented by men who saw women transform at night from idealized, worshipful creatures into animals and thought they were possessed. But I know it is something simpler than that. You are a virgin, aren't you..."

GOOD 'N' PLENTY (2116 salem blvd. zion, il 60099) Mainly a photographic documentation of the hardcore world, but what sets this apart from other zines is Gabe's attitude. In the few issues that I have, he is never afraid to state his opinion even if it is contrary to the popular norm. He took a strong stand against sexism within the scene and in the last issue I've seen he devotes as much space in the zine to information on rape and sexual violence as he does to the glorious photos of sweaty hardcore gurus surrounded by their horde of moshing maniacs. Easily, this format and style of zine could have slipped into a generic rut of rehashing and stagnant boredom, but it has kept a certain honest individual edge. If in fact it is over, I for one, am sorry to see it go.

RED EYE JOURNAL (see Hoodwink address) Dave has put out a few of these bad boys. The first one I can proudly boast was contained

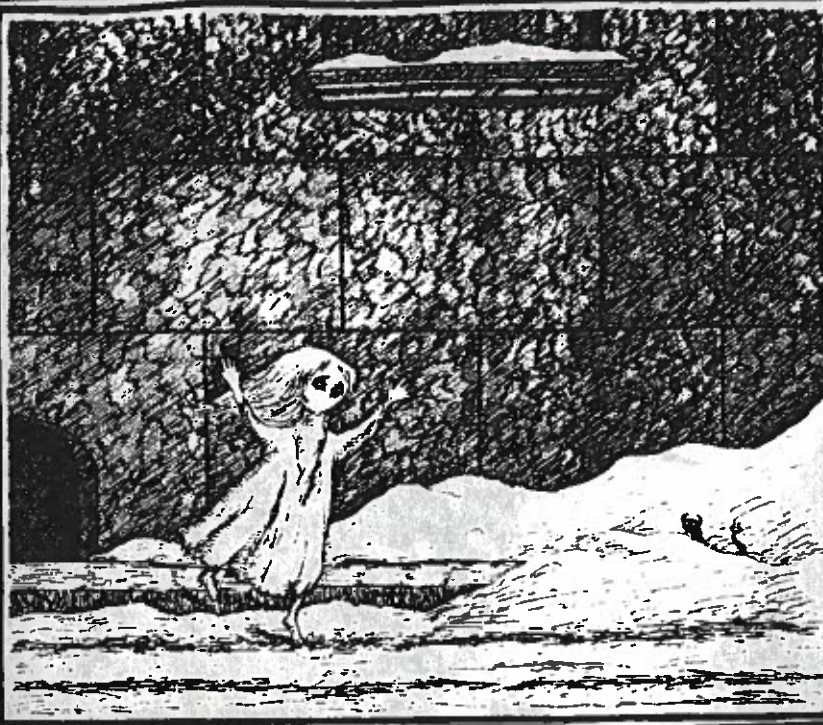
within the text of the mysterious Perilisium Cantos. This is two sheet of stories (usually fictional) collected from the mind of a hardcore drop-out. I hope that he presses on and gets a lot of shit for it.

DISARRAY (6222 tabor ave. philly pa, 19111) Tom's art is amazing, well, I think it's really cool. The issue I have is kinda old, but that does not decrease it's value - in fact some say the older it is the better it gets. Chock full o' interviews that may be lacking in that hard critical edge but nonetheless enjoyable. This zine really shines though when they say what THEY feel about tit or tat and when Tom shows off his comic ability via his clever drawings. Did I mention the layout? Well, the layout is coolly fresh and gently inviting much like a lazy spring afternoon spent lounging around the backyard waterfall. Yeah well. Support the up-in-coming.

RAGNAROK (po box 29274, cleve, oh 44129) Steve Mainstead's little monster exposing the corruption and larceny of the Cleveland Punk Rock Scene. Interviews, commentary, stories, and in-jokes make up the bulk of this zine. Someone told me it was important to support the local scene, but I don't trust hearsay. Did Steve really not know that No Exit was the only really legitimate Cleveland zine?

BOMBSHELL (11902 lanner place, laurel md 20708) Got this one in the mail the other day. It is really fat, but the text is large and the lay-out sparse and that may have something to do with its hugeness. Well, that and the 10 or so interviews with various bands that really illuminate little to nothing out of the scope of general interviews. Can anyone do a good band interview? Opinions and a few select reviews finish up the line-up. Could use a good interior graphic designer, whatever that is.

TRANS METEOROLOGIST (927 roland rd, lyndhurst oh 44124) Another Cleveland zine (see I do support the scene man, so Erba wipe them tears out of yer eyes). This sloppy-ass skate zine was handed to me at some Babylon show, and I gotta tell ya I admire these young whipper-snappers sense of humor. They pack more humor, in-jokes, and goofiness into one page then I can in thirty-eight pages. Not a great artifact, but definitely out there.



related to music. Ranging from hardcore to punk to metal working all levels and at various commitments. I don't know I just don't find anything all that special nor

exciting about this whole project. I realize that I am hardly one to complain...

THE SILICON WOMB (1. libido 508 central, menlo pk, ca 94025) Digital sex with oriental women on top of a Xerox ® Machine just doesn't turn me on. Of course, the cut and paste found art colleges not only work on a purely antiseptic analytic level, but also furthers the dogmatic aims of this finely tuned infrastructure we so proudly embrace as criticism. There are messages hidden within the entangled circuitry of this zine, just look and thee shall see with eyes not thy own. Recommended for those of who consider themselves cyberpunks or technophiles.

BLOWIN CHUNK (75 stranton rd, brookline, ma, 02146) Standard zine material here basically relying on band interviews and show/music reviews to fill up the pages. Although the interviews have a nice conversation feeling to them, I think that Alyssa has more important things to relate, she just hasn't put her mind to saying them in her zine. I would rather read more of her writing and thoughts than what various bands have to say about Boston. Its not that bad, just somewhat -general?- I suppose.

A NEW DIRECTION (741 confederation dr. thunder bay ont, p7e 3n6 canada) Chris' zine has evolved nicely from the naive straight-edge tabloid into a thinking person's media friend. The band interviews for the most part are not the same generic

STRAIGHT OUT (7103 oakwood glen #15, spring tx 77379) I can't make up my mind on this one, maybe because there are so many crossed wires and schizophrenic messages being thrown out one on top of the other. Might have something to do with the various columnists (there are a regular set of people writing a page or so about this and that) or just the fact that the editor(s) hasn't fully decided exactly where he/she/they stand. I find veganism, vegetarianism, natural rights sthick, and the new found hardcore "consciousness" shit kinda coming off fanatical at times. I just find some of the printed material hard to swallow at times and maybe that's what I am reacting to.

JUST B/C I DIDN'T LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US I GOT JAILED AND JUICED GOOD (paul weinman 79 cottage ave, albany ny 12203) A collection of poetry relating to and detailing the experience Paul had when he got into a parked Greyhound Bus, drove it around for a few blocks then crashed into a few parked cars finally dumping it into a lake. Crazy enough, but to top it off some of this shit ain't half bad. Anyone who really knows me, knows how much I usually detest poetry and that I am no real fan of the White boy. But this collection has some real great moments. You can really sense that this whole event inspired some quality (dare I say) art. It worked for me.

LOOK AGAIN (pob 1090 hudson nh 03051) A total all encompassing music fanzine, one of the last of a dying breed. Nothing but interviews, reviews, and news about and

Charlotte Sophia, now almost blind,

ran into the street.



genre-yawning inquires. He has attempted to at least engage the various bands in topics other than their shoe size or what influences they could rattle off. Issues and opinions are at least glimmering off on the horizon, yet not fully realized as of yet. The layout, graphic design, and overall slickness of the zine has greatly improved fleshing out his own and other's words and images nicely. The potential is there, hope he pushes it further.

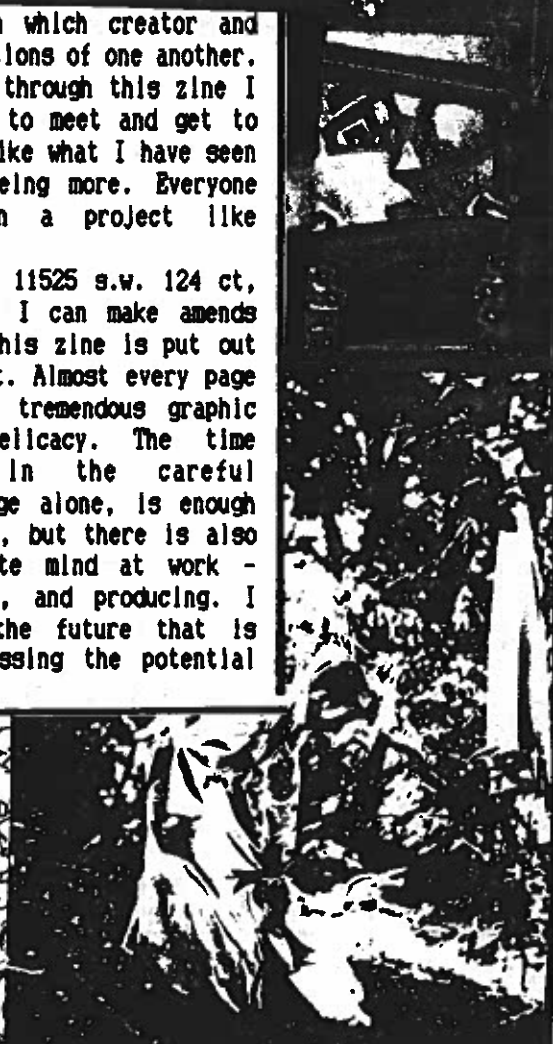
GOTHIC (monica 13 chippewa trail, browns mills, nj, 08015-6466) Another zine that has surpassed anything that I would have bet upon. Starting out as a half sizer, basically wrapped up in gothic mood music yet not embracing the dark groaning style that usually oozes from the graveyard scene. Lawd hap marcy, this has grown into a shadow it can call its own. Monica has left the sepulcher scene behind, lighting up a bit.

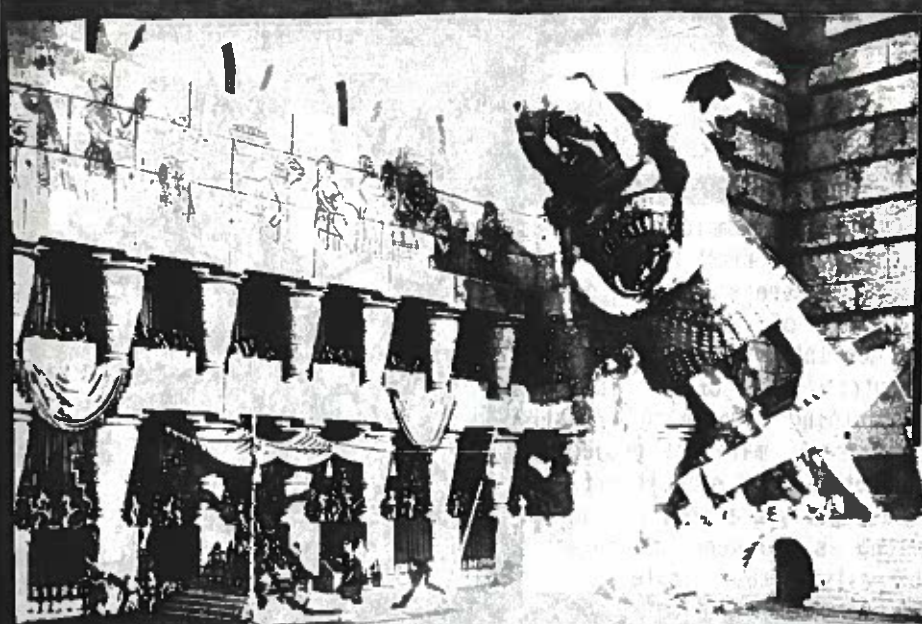
Funny pokes, animal rights, band interviews, commentary, short fiction (check out The Violation of Heather McRidgen - sick!!) and reviews. It all works best as colleges and multi-media page productions, some of the best and most cohesive that I have come across in a while. She should do more of them. She even knows that she's on the right track...kinda pisses me off...

ROTTEN FRUIT/SUBTERRANEAN (1058 beddingfield, westerville, oh 43081) I sure stumbled into something with this one. This is one of those really rare zines that totally sucks you into another world and scene. I fully expected full on punk fucking rock, what I got is the product of at least four really wacked-out minds. An insane mixture of sloppy colleges, hand written commentary, humor, open-mindedness, and general inspiration. They are obviously having the time of their lives creating this. Each page overflows dripping and spilling its message all over reality. This zine presents a realm of blissful productivity and

palatable consumption in which creator and creation are true reflections of one another. In other words, reading through this zine I feel as if I have come to meet and get to know those involved. I like what I have seen and look forward to seeing more. Everyone should be involved in a project like this...why not?

I.V. LEAGUE (omar 11525 s.w. 124 ct, miami fl, 33186) Maybe, I can make amends right now...maybe not. This zine is put out by one hell of an artist. Almost every page in this thing reeks of tremendous graphic design and painful delicacy. The time obviously invested in the careful construction of each page alone, is enough reason to recommend this, but there is also an intelligent articulate mind at work - interviewing, commenting, and producing. I hope to see more in the future that is comparable if not surpassing the potential shown here.





THE NIGHTTIME, SNIFFLING, SNEEZING, COUGHING, ACHING, STUFFY-HEAD, FEVER, SO YOU CAN REST ZINE (pat, pob 33263, mips mn, 55433) The editor doesn't know what the fuck he is trying to do or where he is coming from. He knows he's gay and he knows he isn't very fond of Christ. I know that his zine as it stands right now isn't all that good. The opinions expressed are too short, leading to ideas left open and questions not asked nor answered. The ideas are good but it all seems rushed, sloppy, and not fully realized. The title is the best part to come of all this.



THE UNMENTIONABLE (miss kelina, pob 7219, santa cruz, ca 95061) Wow. What have we found here is something quite terrific. Black on white contrast that fades into a slow trickle of witty information and a viable option to leading your life down the boring downtrodden punk gloom and doom existence established by those so anti-establishment. Originality stressing open communication for those caught out on an "alternative" limb. The right attitude displayed by Miss Kelina should be noted on her permanent record. This zine made me very happy. It offers proof that the punk/hardcore/al-turn-native world hasn't totally been consumed by creeping cynicism and brooding bitterness. Yet.

EXEDRA (kim carlye, pob 410070, san francisco, ca 94141-0070) Admittedly owing a lot to Kent McClard and his No Answers Zine. The fairly straight forward layout does not hinder the forceful communication of what is

on the thoughtful minds of Sonia and Kim. One of the more sincere documentation of two individuals who continue to question and dissent the dispensable popular culture and our atrocious socialization. They have progressed greatly in two issues and I look forward to following them into the higher realms of contemplative alternative living.



PUDDLE (pob 11374, berkeley, ca 94701) News print pisses me off, right off the bat. Rubs off on your hands, turns yellow, and has a terribly short shelf life. Besides all that, this is a humorous hand printed type o' thang which resembles many notebooks kept by friends of mine. My question is why aren't you doing a zine like this? Everyone can. Just sit down draw some sloppy cartoons, shake your rattle, and let some of that personal wisdom flow forth. This should inspire those on the verge of it all to dive in. I hope. Regardless, a good overall effort and well worth the time it took to look into, maybe I'm just pissed about that whole newsprint deal. That or the fact they stopped running ads, poop.

THE LIFETIME EXAMINER (202-08-48 ave. bayside, ny 11364) I have gotten into trouble in the past for saying that zines looked alike, but this time I feel totally justified. This looks so similar to Dear Jesus I would almost call it a cardboard stand up of that monstrous zine. Yet, when I found out who put this out it all fell into some sort of meaningless place. Joe, bassist for Citizen's Arrest and therefore ABC-No-Rio Illuminary, is quite responsible for this. And figuring that the same scene and mindset will produce similar products, this isn't half bad. Needs a little fleshing out as far as content and length. Maybe a new graphic style to overhaul, personalize, and possibly innovate.





Bold moves for pawns in the empire

FACTSHEET FIVE (\$3.75 for sample, 6 arizona ave. rensselaer, ny 12144- 4502) The price is somewhat inhibiting so here's what you do to get the best listing of under-the-surface publications and get into contact with those straddling the outer limits of the fringe. Simply produce something - anything a small rant zine, a comic book, mail art projects, but make or do something and send it off for review. That should get you a copy coming to your house as long as you keep in contact. Get involved it really is that simple.



NO EXIT (satre fan club c/o this magazine) "Its the would've, could've, and should've of this world that turns my face crimson and forces me to pound the smack directly into my eyeball. moping generality, bitter embraces, and galloping propaganda fed by the fires of, drawn by the forces of, and released into the clutches of that gather information which will either convict or abdicate me of the crimes against humanity. never before hath man seen the glorious wrath of the gods and lived to recount it so brilliantly idiotic. behold the cock's cry of truth...we lied the whole way through and you swallowed the set-up. you thought we were jokin? you muthafuck."



TALES OF...BLARG! (olga pob 4047, berkeley, ca 94704) A pint of wisdom decked out in punk rock plumage, this zine falls as well as it succeeds. Basically a page or two of rants, raves, and cleverly orchestrated lies compiled on top of one another either to provoke or to turn your mohaked head. Some works some doesn't. Olga could do us a favor and do a little editing, there's plenty of talent displayed along with some heavy dosage of shitoia. What more can I say, reminded me of a punk version of my high school litmag. Sorry.

7 FOOLS ON A QUARTER PAGE (#4 630 54th st. oakland ca 93309) GET THIS SHIT!!!! TOTAL FUCKING BRILLIANCY!!! COMES WITH A FANTASTIC FUCKING SLAB OF VINYL, TOTAL COLLECTOR SPEW!!! WORTH TRIPLE THE COVER PRICE!!! I JUST WISH THAT I HAD THOUGHT OF THIS FIRST, EVERY ZINE EDITORS WET DREAM ZINE!!! ORDER NOW!!!!!!!



WHO CARES? (pob 1181 bethesda, md 20827-1181) A slick computer set zine with little else going for it other than the really smooth layout and legibility. Focusing in on the hometown D.C. scene there are interviews with local illuminaries, a few chosen reviews, and what could turn out to be an open forum of political/spiritual/social discussion but is not yet. Really this is the key to the potential of this zine, if the editors can

fester and pull forth information from both sides of the crooked fence then this may develop into an interesting tool for eductainment. Hope that it continues through this vein.

GAMALIEL'S glossary

Following in the deep footsteps of the likes of H.L. Mencken, Ambrose Bierce, and Walter Kelly I have decided to put my reputation and life on the line to put forth some social commentary or satire. I have come up with some definitions modeled after Bierce's own Devils' Dictionary. By no means is this list complete, it doesn't hit every group nor define every possible definition, for I have to leave the door open to the inevitable sequel. The main purpose of this piece is to piss as many of you off by being as truthfully scathing and socially caustic as possible. To quote the wondrously intelligent Roger Miret of Agnostic Front, "...it's just the goddamn truth." Read on. Get pissed. Come searching to kick my head in...



Art Fag (n) 1. An Art Student. 2. Someone who thinks that dressing in all black, mis-quoting Nietzsche, and hanging around local coffee houses smoking, playing Dylan on a beat to shit guitar, and drinking Moccas really impresses the babes. (See Also DANCE CLUBBER)

Cross-Over (n) 1. Metalheads allowed to have short hair and Hardcore kids allowed to have long hair. 2. Hardcore kids playing metal calling it hardcore or metalheads playing metal and calling it hardcore. (See Also METAL and HARDCORE)

The DIY Work Ethic (n) 1. The Do It Yourself Because You Can't Afford To Let Someone Else Help You Out So It Won't Look as Good As You'd Like But What The Hell Here It Is Anyway Work Ethic. 2. Fuck The Evil Money-grubbing Fascist Capitalistic Sell-out Big Business Corporate Monster Support the Underground Work Ethic. 3. Don't Forget the Streets, Don't Forget the Struggle Sthick. (See Also SELL-OUT)

Emo (adj) 1. Prefix used in front of words to apply a whiny emotional politically correctness to them (ie. Emo-core, emo-ness, emo-sity, etc.) 2. Emotional waste - anything associated with sing-songy sappy bands, hippies in general, or other cry-babies. 3. Having to do with the passing of the seasons and weeping profusely.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST—It could be the fascist emblem. The bundle of sticks with the battle ax in the center.

Grind-core (n) Type of musick that requires guttural mumbling and moaning Satan a lot, fast heavily distortion guitar strumming, and a pop corn popper. A dictionary may be required to translate such lyrics, song titles, or liner notes as "Sycophnatanic Macro-malodorousness of the Lower Controtioning Abdominal Acrimonious Cavity." (See Also TRASH).

Hardcore (n) The all encompassing catch phrase that has stirred the Nation. Applied to just about everything these days (pornography, musick, books, violence, savings,



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losses, weather conditions, salad dressing, etc.) The end all be all state of mind.

Metal (n) A type of musick heavily focused upon Satan, up-side down crosses, and sleaziness. Loud, fast, perverted rock'n'roll with an annoying fandom.

Metal Head (n) 1. A person who typically has long hair, acid washed clothes, hours and hours of video tape of HeadBanger's Ball, Motley Crew/Metallica/Iron Maiden/Black Sabbath tee-shirts, back patches or other like appeal. 2. A pot toking beer guzzling guitarist into all of the above. 3. One who devotedly listens to Heavy Metal musick and worships Ossie Osbourne, dude.

The Scene (n) 1. A non-existent mass movement of people rumored to be exactly like YOU. 2. The unforgiving and moody god to which all things are eventually offered up to. 3. The adoring fans.

Scumfuc (n) 1. A person who wishes to be GG Allin. 2. A person with no sense of personal hygiene, toilet training, sexual preference, nor more than one set of clothes. 3. Human garbage.

Sell-out (n) What one accuses a band, zine, person, or movement of doing once they have either started doing things that one dislikes, disagrees with, or becomes a little more well-known and liked by the masses. (v) To become very popular.

Skaters (n) Those who spend most of their time falling off little expensive skate boards, watching others fall off stake boards, or brushing the hair out of their eyes. (v) 1. To be annoyingly cute, knowingly hipper-than-thou, and pitifully self-centered. 2. California-esque.

Skin Head (n) 1. Someone lacking hair and intelligence. 2. Violent/Non-Violent Racist Non-Racist Liking Skrewdriver's Message /Liking Skrewdriver's Music, regardless all look the same - very silly. 3. Someone who shouts "Oi!"

at ska shows. 4. The exploited bald working class.

Straight-Edge (n) 1. Suburban youths who think that they can make a difference by saying "No" to drugs, alcohol, meat-eating, racism, and thinking for themselves. 2. A youth movement of crew-cut momma's boys. 3. A style of dress furnished by the Gap, Champion, and Nike (the Greek god of excess). 4. A style of music heavily dependent on a fast 1-2 beat and the three cord power progression rehashing what other SE bands have done previously. 5. Big fat-ass black magick marked "X"s on the hands, foreheads, and notebooks of all those involved.

Sub-Poppers (n) 1. One who has progressed right into Seattle's answer to cheezy cock rock bands popular in the late 70's. 2. One who thinks that the new underground trend is mainstream "rock and roll." 3. A record label subscribed to by fashionable profiteers and pimply college kids. (See Also WAX TRACKS)

Politically Correct (n) One who is so concerned that they refuse to speak the English language. (v) 1. To hate all white men. 2. To hold all the "right" left answers.

Punk (n) 1. A person stuck in England in the late Seventies. Someone who thinks that Anarchy, Sid Vicious, Crass, or the Exploited, mohawks, pogo-ing, big leather jackets emblazon with vinyl stickers, lots of cheap jewelry and

That is the final reward for hanging out in roadhouses, for drinking, for accidentally killing someone in a drag race or for acting on impulse rather than sound reasoning.

bad make-up is all still very shocking or at all anti-establishment. 2. A failed violent youth movement that sought to change the world but instead got ensnared in politics, drug abuse, and the mainstream and as a result gave us only bad loud musick. (adj) Little motivation and no sense of rhythm.

Punk Rock (n) A style of musick that relies heavily upon volume, screaming, wardrobe, obscenities, and the hatred of "the Establishment."

Zine Editors (n) 1. Thankless profession filled by blowhard opinionated windbags. 2. Low budget bastard tabloid muckrackers or high budget glossy teeny-bopper kiss-ass afternoon tv Journalists 3. Just "in it" for the free records, fast woman, and public acclaim. (See Also STATUS SEEKER and BROKE ASSHOLE)

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Don't get caught up in this post-war glow. Don't get numbed by the constant cheering and clapping. Don't believe the Mr. Roger's/John Wayne hybrid nationalistic cooling of our ex-Nazi president. The fact is, during the course of the events that constituted another international political police action, I could understand, but never did fall into, the Support The Troops Stand and Clap Shtick. It cracks me up that in almost every other sect of this great american culture we blame the victim. We blame the lazy drunkard homeless man, the welfare whore with 10 worthless kids, we blame the addicted crack head, the AIDS faggots, and the slutty all deserving rape victims. But when it came down the wire, you tossed your support blindly behind men and women who signed along the dotted line to kill people. But of course the were good americans your brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, lovers, or neighbors. Cut the crap. Stop your pitiful justifications. The military's sole purpose in this world is to destroy in order to protect. No, even that is too sanitized, the military is the strong armed no neck thug named Lefty who beats the shit out of you when you're loan payments are late.

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carrying it out? Gee, I disagree with the Nazi Death Camps, but I support those fine SS Guys just doing their jobs and caring out their orders. Extreme? Maybe? But I'm not the one who started the WWII analogies, just keeping it at the prearranged low level. You act as if they have no say in the matter. They do! God blessed be, this is AMERICA,

The cannon to improved guns capable of delivering an atomic punch and missiles of fantastic range and accuracy. But machines can only be as good as the men who operate them. Men are needed for the widespread and complex technical and administrative operations that support the combat force.

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land of the free home of the brave (who we killed or stuck on reservations) doo doooooo. We have the freedom to say no. To dissent from the ranks. To stand up for democracy and human rights. To buck the oppressor and fester individualism. Or at least that is the America I love and cherish, is it yours? Isn't that what we were fighting for? To put down some terrible dictator who enlists his people brutally with no regard for their opinions or lives. That's how the bad guy does it. We are just doing our job, what other choice do we have? How about quitting? Give the fucking government two weeks notice. You might have to give up some of those great benefits, like being a weekend soldier, gun in hand playing out some Rambo fantasy...surprise surprise surprise all this training and you did not think they were going to use your sorry suburban ass now did ya. I never did support you, I want you to know that. Now that your home safe sleeping with your wife and playing out in the backyard with those three beautiful kids. Now that your safely back kicking shit for some corporate machine as a civilian. I do not

support what you did nor do I think that you are some hero for doing it. I feel no guilt. I didn't ask you to do anything, the government may have. Until they start calling me up asking my advise, I owe you nothing but common courtesy. Do you support me? Then why should I support you? I love this country and that is why I will fight until my dying day to see that you're never called up again.

Do your part don't enlist and if you are currently serving time in the military, when its time for your parole get out...I promise to forget the fact that you were ever in. Think about your mom if nothing else, do you want her to have to worry about this ever happening again? Do you really want to do it again? If you want to sign your life over to some Nazi in some big White House, go down south and become a migrate farm worker, the exploitation is the same although the pension is not as swell nor do you get to play with all those neat guns. That's it for now. Drag out your death threats...

The Troops March On

lower than the sound/production of the individual 7"s. But the 12" has cool segways from song to song taken from various cheezy 1970 exploitation films, which is really happenin cats. The music is the same. For all those unfamiliar with this band, I can best describe it as harsh driving rocknroll laced in drunken Detroit punk rock poured over some freshly broken glass. Strap on those platform shoes, grab a beer or roll a joint, but be prepared to be shown a good time.

MELVINS - bullhead 12" + with yo' heart, not yo hands 7" (boner pob 2081, berkeley ca 94701-0081 + sympathy for the record industry 4901 virginia ave, long beach, ca 90805) The heavy sludge oozes from this band slowly consolidating into noisy dissonance. Bullhead contains some of the best imposing molasses music on record to date. If the intent was to a illustrate a painful crawl through a industrial waste disposal system, then the message has been communicated vividly. Languid lyrical vocals wading through a droning backbeat weighted down by the plodding bass drizzled with slouching babbling guitar work all caught in a unforgiving pulsating monsoon. The seven inch is quicker suckerpunching you below the belt with two upbeat beauties that skid along the muck at a impetuous pace. The last quasi-industrial opus, Anal Satan, implants its unrelenting harping spike directly and refuses triumphantly to be relinquished; chaotic, redundant, and unabashedly playful. All highly recommended for those grundle status seekers looking for the real shit.



PSYCHOBILLY CADILLAC - self titled + mean old man/d'mirage (st. valentine, pob 770417, cleve, oh, 44107) The Kitch Kings of Kleveland are quite well represented on vinyl by these two seven inches. It amazes me that I like this, maybe its due to the fact I saw them live before I got the records. Their live show: a yardsale at Elvis' where the Gabor sisters are pawing off their costume jewelry while Ed McMahon and Liberace push black satin paintings over by the bubble machine. Psychobilly played at its best? Maybe, I can't tell. I know that I like it. Big Mamma a cover tune opus to end the world. D'Mirage is a bad trip while at The Fall's Manchester Mansion. Get the point? Get the records.

BAD RELIGION/NOAM CHOMSKY - new world order:war #1 (mrr, pob 288, berkeley, ca, 94701) Too bad the little Military/Arms Convention and Showcase Demonstration (i.e. the gulf war) that took place in the Middle East a few months ago was so short. For if it was longer maybe then more great documents of information, education, and political socialization would have been cranked out. As it is though, this record is great in many aspects, first off there is the brilliant Noam Chomsky relating in an all too disquieting manner the larceny and lies perpetrated by our Government against the God-faring pabium-sucking slogan chanting masses not only here but worldwide. He is one of the few accessible documentors of political analysis cutting through the double talk propaganda and disinformation that floods the syndicated airwaves of America. Not only is he brilliant but he is invaluable. There is also an outstanding poster of essays articulating further the uselessness of the sick military endeavor. Well researched and presented, I just hope that people take the time to read what is written there. Bad Religion are on this record too, why? Who cares, they suck. Get this for the intelligent Chomsky side and not for the disposable soothing dance music produced by a shitty pseudo-punk band. So what if they use big words in their songs? I got a Thesaurus too, what's the big deal? I hope what is really important about this release is not lost on the Bad Religion fans!

JELLO BIAFRA - die for oil sucker (alternative tentacle, pob 1145, sf, ca

94101) Another great anti-war rant from the most annoying voice in the realm of punkness. Most people I know think Jello makes this stuff up, that most of the wacky shit he is saying is way too radical to be true and is embellished to drive home his slanted political point. You can believe anything you want, that is your privilege living in this great country of ours. I live by the words of the Great Octi Phi Profit Jeckill G. Keggolgg, "Believe everything and trust no one." All this to sing praises for a man who sat on an afternoon talk show? Yes, because this is a fucking punk as shit record. Get it. A big old John Yeats-lified poster/insert showing the utter ridiculousness of this great government ruling over us. We know though that this man is smarter than that cheese grating voice allows us to assume. A highly respectable and commendable effort is made to open few minds and broaden the narrow perspectives.

SATAN also Deceives,

DISAPPOINTED?

AFTERWARDS A TERRIFIC BROW BEATING



I am not here on some pious non-profit anti-consumeristic mission. Nor am I here to comfort you by offering glossy photographs of your hardcore idols stripped down, sweatily groaning on stages across this fine Land. Nor am I here to smash at your dearly held preconceptions or break down those cast-iron walls, I'll leave that up to the self-ascribed experts. They offer you all that. You snatch up their anti-product either in that glassy-eyed limited edition feeding frenzy or simply out of the fact that you fully expect the comfortable embrace this familiar easily absorbed punk product offers your groping pitiful petty existence. All that is fully expected from you by them and by me. All that is fine, safe, and good. And I am not here to trip up your little dog race. You'll continue chasing the little metal rabbit no matter what I say or do to try to change that. I am easily brushed off and excused as an asshole or a potential haughty aloof intellectual, either way, ignored by most everybody. You realize this and

so do I, sadly enough. There are those, the one's that will attempt to get inside and try to figure out the sick joke, though they are usually few and far between. All that I am offering for those blind to implications, dropped hints, or suggested innuendo, is all that I have to give. The utter chaos of Life. Beautiful contradictions and gut-wrenching vomit-inducing guilt coupled with a good healthy dose of confusion and constant delusional paranoid inquiry. Maybe I am what I hate, maybe you can't feel the heat of foreboding or relish the denial in the eye of the storm. Nonetheless I am, as are you, being eaten alive every fucking second. My mind has allied itself with the approaching victor, the blackhooded

axeman, the chaos which surrounds us daily. Do you sit back unaware of its fiery embrace? Impervious to the glorious destruction? Do you not care in hopes of ignorance? Or do you want more than a pawn's role in the implication? I know where I stand. Hopefully, after all this so will you.

but JESUS SAVES!

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